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REGISTER



The Boston Latin School REGISTER

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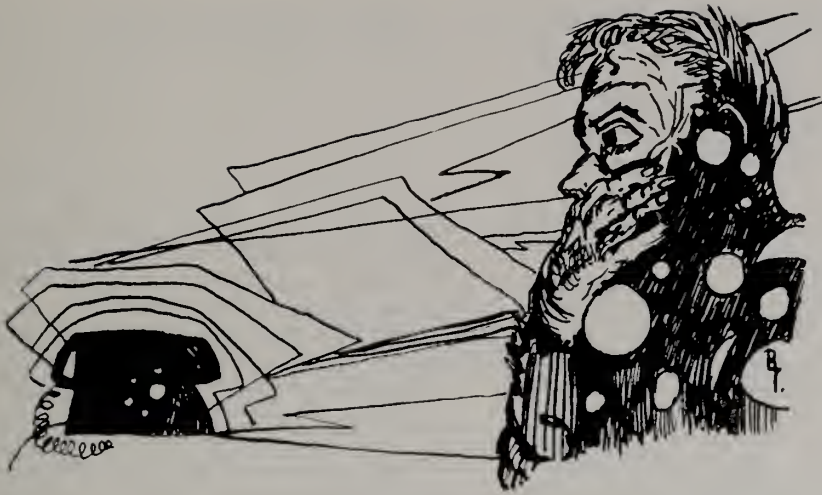
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The Voice Machine

Ronald Tacelli '65

WHAT MARVELOUS-chiller might have run from the pen of Edgar Allen Poe, master of the macabre, could he have but witnessed the advent of the unassuming little instrument which sits poised in Pandoric innocence in the dim light across the room from me? Certainly he, if anyone, would have recognized and delighted in its cleverness and in its cunning reproduction. Now only a few lie beyond its reach. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Poe succumbed a score and seven years before its creation.

I speak, of course, of my telephone, that horrid little robot perched in plastic nonchalance atop the scarred table near the far wall to my left, its pock-marked orifice ever eager to thrust with stolid calm upon my cringing ear a hideous diatribe, a vengeful, screaming threat.

What dark reward was given the erudite Alexander Graham Bell for foisting upon an unsuspecting humanity this insufferable little box with its strident voice and mordant capabilities?

True, there are many who remain insensitive to its demands; surely these souls are of a dullard lot who no more fear its potentialities than does the masticating cow fear the man who fattens her for the eventual slaughter.

But I digress..

Unlike diabolical devices which cut or burn, crush or entomb, this beastly thing attacks the BRAIN. Slowly it dissolves defensive barriers and eats its way into the very depths of intellect, seeking out its weaknesses and slowly tearing away at the very core of being.

Slowly the thought came to me, taking years to fully comprehend; but even so, now that I do recognize this danger, it is so vividly apparent that certainly there must have been others before me who became aware of it.

Why have they remained silent?

Why have we been left unwarned?

Gently began its dreadful cycle; at first camouflaging itself as a herald of good tidings; bringing close dear voices. Yet it becomes clear that those utterances were only travesties. They were not the voices of beloved friends and relations but the ventriloquistic effort of a devilish machine to destroy the gates of caution and permit the gradual EROSION OF THE MIND.

Even now, the gentleness fades and the crackling words bring grief and depression and hatred. For the conditioning is completed. At its grating voice we rush to answer.

It watches, confident of eventual victory.

From across the room I sense its larynx swell, and involuntarily my muscles bunch and cord to send me in answer to its summons . . . but there is only a deep, laughing silence. And I, no longer a man, but a quivering rodent.

The door is so near, only a dozen feet across this musty carpeting. Beyond that portal may be hope for me; on this side there is none. I rise, exulting inwardly as courageous legs carry my craven hulk away from that terrible poised box on the table.

My trembling hands moistly surround the tarnished brass knob and then . . . Dear God! . . . The jangling commences. Long, loud, with incessant discordancy it rebounds from the door and drives me deep into my gloomy chamber. I grip the thin black neck of the telephone in a desperate attempt to throttle that maddening ring.

Swiftly, unerringly, the receiver

thrusts to my ear, dragging behind it my clenched unwilling hand. It presses ever more tightly to my head, and a desperate, horrible sound fills the room.

It is the sound of my own scream.

* * *

In the bleak, oppressive room a man plays the light beam of his small flashlight over a figure on the floor. He is the coroner and the coroner is a competent man. He has seen many bodies; they no longer stir his emotion.

The two detectives watch carelessly as the coroner turns the head of the corpse so that the side can be seen. Suddenly he grunts and directs a beam of light to the spot where an ear should be, but there is none. He straightens, snapping off the flashlight; in the dimness his pallid features reflect the hall light through the open door and he sways slightly.

"My God!" he whispers hoarsely. "His skull. It's . . . it's empty!"

AN ACTOR'S IDYLL

PETER ROTHENBERG '62

*Aspiring,
youthful, hopeful,
impatient, diligent,
and artistic . . .*

*Signing,
starting, learning,
revived, elated,
soon successful . . .*

*Wavering,
untried, denied,
despondent, patient,
now pessimistic . . .*

*Acting,
refined, respected,
confident, content,
but commercial.*

EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES

Robert Mulholland '64

IT WOULDN'T be long now. He would show them, especially that phony doctor. He had read that medical report: "Concerning Frank Sommer, age seventeen: advise complete mental examination. Detect serious inadequacy feelings and unnatural animosity". Inadequacy feelings! That quack ought to be sent back to pre-medical school.

It had been difficult at first to decide just whom to pick. He had thought of Jerry, the egghead that nobody liked, but he knew him too well. He finally chose Russel Kuhlman. Kuhlman was much too important to even speak to Frank, much less to be friends with him. After all, Kuhlman was president of the senior class, and Frank was nobody. Anyway Kuhlman wouldn't be feeling so outstanding in a little while; Frank would see to that. In fact, in a little while, Russel Kuhlman wouldn't be feeling anything!

Frank started to hurry, but he didn't want to attract attention. Out of the house, down Yoke Street, and across the park to Woburtin Street, he hurried.

This, he thought, will be the hardest part. He would have to find a certain make of car for his type of jack. It would probably take quite a while, but he had convinced himself that he would keep looking until he found one. For one thing, the car would have to be a fairly new model. Also it would have to have a particular . . .

Then he saw it! A 62 Comet. Beautiful beige, he thought, as if that were important. And it's just sitting there at the corner like somebody knew I was coming. "Maybe," he said half aloud, "this won't be as hard as I thought."

Clenching the ignition hookup tightly in his large fist, he walked toward the car, surprising himself with his own calmness. He didn't even glance around. The door on the driver's side was locked, and he started to worry, but crossing to the other side he was relieved: "Just like my father; forgot to

lock the passenger door."

He slid over the seat, reached down, carefully cut the wires, and clipped on the alligators. It wasn't too difficult to pry off the ignition front and insert the jack. A sharp push, a twist, and the motor jumped into obedient action. A lot better than our old '54, he thought absent mindedly.

The Comet eased through the several side streets, down Water Street, and up the slight hill to the high school. Frank knew there would be a class committee meeting tonight. He knew also that Russel Kuhlman would be there.

The street was practically empty, so he had no trouble in parking exactly where he wished. The Comet pulled up smoothly about forty or fifty yards from the side entrance to the school. The classroom which the committee members used for meetings was just in back of this door. They would more than likely come out that way. Informal assemblies of this sort usually lasted until about 9:30.

Frank got out of the car and walked partway up the block to make sure the sign with the cement base was still there where he had put it that afternoon. It was about two and one-half feet from the curb: perfect. Hurrying back, he couldn't help but admire the brisk long-line and ultra-modern styling of the car he had stolen. "People who own it can probably afford the little scratch I get on it anyway."

The hour and a half that he had to wait went unexpectedly, almost alarmingly fast. The light in the classroom snapped off, but Frank didn't notice it until he glanced that way and saw them coming out.

There was Kuhlman in the lead, just as he always was. Headlights on dim; gear ready in high; foot off the brake. Easy. Accelerate! The Comet roared down on Kuhlman as he stepped into the street. Frantically he looked up into the glare, his last look. Frank hit him. Somebody screamed. Frank was care-

ful to sideswipe the sign just enough to give the police a piece of metal to work on. As he turned the corner, he could faintly see two boys running as if they were trying to outspurt the four wheels of the Comet.

When the beige car pulled up in Woburtin Street, its driver was feeling not even the slightest pang of conscience. Frank easily replaced the ignition front, re-taped the broken wires, locked the driver's door, and slid out the other side. His own feet seemed to be fighting against his will, but he found it impossible to offset their pace as they scurried him across the park. Somehow managing to slow his heart-beat, he walked down Yoke Street, and had to rest a minute to collect his thoughts before entering the house.

"Is that you Frankie?" She knew it was, but it was a standard question.

"We have a surprise for you." He wasn't in the mood for surprises.

"What is it?" he asked, feigning eagerness.

"You tell him, John." He wished they'd hurry up so he could put the jack away in his room.

"Well, son," Mr. Sommer had a very high-pitched voice, and he was sensitive about it, "it's really not very much,

I suppose, but the old thing **was** a nuisance around here. That rackety motor nearly drove me out of my mind with its bouncing around and sputtering. Well, anyway, this morning I decided to get a new one. This one's a lot better; it's got all the modern styling and trimmings. Yes sir, we now own a pretty, light beige 1962 Com — "

"No! No! No!" He was violently interrupted as Frank charged hysterically into his bedroom.

It was about eleven o'clock when they finally decided to call the police after Frankie had confessed everything. Mr. Sommer thought it best to tell the officials that Frank had had a change of heart, and that he would hope for mercy from the court.

Nobody said a word as the two officers carried him to the patrol car. It was the sergeant who ended the silence. "Appreciate your coming down to headquarters sometime tomorrow morning." There was no reply. It was just as the tail lights were disappearing around the far corner of Yoke Street that Frank's father, just now realizing what had happened, and showing the first signs of shock as a result of that realization, remarked, "He didn't even get to see our new Commodore Freezer."

PICK A PUN

(for Latin scholars only)

MATCH HUMOROUS pun in column A to sentence in column B for which the pun is most appropriate.

A

1. secrētus
2. incōla
3. tuba
4. nomen
5. frētum
6. incumbo
7. nubēs
8. vertex
9. fumūlus
10. dequax

B

- a. Where does Miles Davis play?
- b. What is a 20-mule train for?
- c. What did Moses do for the Israelites?
- d. "Podner, I want to go to Dallas!"
- e. What did the hormones say to the pituitary gland?
- f. Why do sheep open their mouths?
- g. What did the quartet get when one of its singers died?
- h. What was the Amazon's main trouble?
- i. Where does the Pepsi Company make most of its money?
- j. What bothered the duck raiser the most?

Search For Mica

George G. Fishman '63

FORS HADN'T slept at all for many nights. He would lie awake trying to drain his throbbing head of the frustrating problems that kept leaking in. He had no solutions for these troubles; he just swung his head from side to side in desperation.

Above all, Fors was perplexed by the maddening sameness that ruled his life. Every single member of his race was alike both in action and thought. Everybody lived in filthy, underground mudholes and worked at one job. No one had access to better conditions, yet everyone was satisfied; that is, everyone except Fors. He wanted to scream at this depressing nightmare called life.

Morning brought Fors no relief. He rolled out of bed and strutted into one of the thousands of earthen tunnels that bridged the vast subterranean apartments. He made his way towards the outdoor ascent corridor. As he charged onto its steep incline, a blast of cold air rushed down the tunnel, and with it a muffled din of screaming drifted to his ears, brimming with curiosity. He had never before heard such a commotion. What was wrong? He forgot all his problems and hastened outdoors.

He emerged outside onto the granulated sand that graded the passageway. Immediately, the shocking sight of the whole colony assembled in terror greeted him. Awestruck, Fors rushed into the crowd towards an elder citizen.

"What's happened?" he blurted out.

"My son," murmured the old one, "your brother Mica has been snatched away by demons. I saw them grasp him with their hideous claws. It was horrible. O, Treachery! . . ." He ranted out of control until Fors burst in angrily.

"Stop your nonsense, worthless fool! Where's Mica? Tell me none of your fancy; tell me where he is." A gloom of fear and grief swept over him as the old one continued.



"Yes, your brother has disappeared. He just vanished into space at Fourmi Rise. The spirits have him. I know it."

Fors abruptly turned away. He had only vaguely heard the elder's talk through his dazed brain, yet he instinctively plodded off towards Fourmi Rise. He had to find Mica; it was a natural impulse. However, he was afraid. For no reason at all he would occasionally feel like turning around and returning to the colony. These apprehensions were not fitting to a scientific mind like Fors'.

At last he reached the Rise. What a spectacular sight was this rounded mountain of crusted clay! He wasted no time in ascending the dangerously steep, conical surface. As he reached the top, he stepped down into a circular crater of rich soil, dotted with shrubs. It was amidst this greenery that Fors spotted a pale green pole. Allured by its beauty he explored its surface.

Suddenly, a mountainous shadow tumbled upon him. So instantaneous was this darkening that in the next moment he was engulfed in total blackness; he experienced the most alarming, gyrating sensations. The wildest thoughts ran through his muddled brain. Had he died? Had he been snatched from the reality he despised? Was he going to join Mica? The aggravating motion finally stopped.

Fors stared into the infinitesimal darkness as his eyes came to focus on beams of light seeping through a set of tightly compacted bars. A mysterious crimson glow pervaded the atmosphere. He saw that he was contained in a supernatural prison consisting of two convex, scarlet membranes tightly seamed up to a top section where prickly bars guarded the only visible opening.

Fors tried to move in order to test the dimensions of his enclosure, but he could not budge. He was wedged in a part of the seam; moreover, a mysterious mucilage was holding him back.

He was living a comparable eternity for he could not tell whether the sun or the moon was casting the red glow. He was so confused by his predicament that his scientific reason began to erode. He was seized by a permanent panic. He wanted something to happen to disperse this ridiculous nightmare.

All he could do was wait. Then he heard it, a distinct gurgling sound resounding in the membranes. A peculiar fluid was oozing forth drop by

drop and flowing steadily towards him. As soon as the fluid touched him, a hot sting raced through his body. A rhythmic throbbing in his head began to dull his mind. He perceived through his blurred vision that the liquid was still gushing out. Would it ever stop? Would he drown?

He knew he was passing into the realm of death by one means or another, yet he was lingering on the threshold.

How could he be sure that he would find relief? What if death proved more despicable than his former life? Had he made life an unhappy place for himself? Would he be able to find peace if he were given another chance in a new world? . . . Pain extinguished his thoughts.

The moment of total peace came. All his aching stopped. His fading senses transmitted their last message from the physical world. Fors perceived it as a bellow, a deafening sound of some creature that tolled out this incoherent message: "Mom, there's an ant caught in the Venus flytrap."

Conversation Piece

"**R**EALLY, girls, I think you're all making a big mistake. How can you rate Tony Hudson over Johnny Grant? Why, Johnny is so handsome, so suave, so yummy; and most important of all — like I always say — he's not even married."

"Well, I don't know, Wilma, I still think Tony has it all over Johnny in looks. Especially his nose. He must have the cutest nose in the world. It's your deal, Karen. I just can't get over his nose."

"I'll agree with you on that. One heart."

"Hmm . . . two diamonds."

"Four hearts."

"Pass."

"Besides, Wilma, Johnny's much more popular than Tony. I'll bet he has twice as many fan clubs. Isn't that right, Marsha?"

"I should know. My daughter's vice-

president of one. But I think those teenagers take it a little too seriously. I mean, like screaming when he goes on television, and all that."

"I agree perfectly with them. Sometimes I feel like screaming myself when I see him."

"Oh, I still say you girls have no taste. Tony may be more popular with the teen-agers, but I'm sure Johnny appeals to the more sophisticated, intelligent women."

"That's what they try to make you think on television shows, but those publicity people are very sneaky. Personally, Tony appeals to me, and I don't care if I do seem unsophisticated."

"Well, Lucy, it just so happens —."

"Girls, girls! Let's stop this silly thing before we get into an argument. After all, we'll find out next month which candidate will be elected President in 1976."

A HOPE

Martin Bickman '63

EVEN THOUGH one of the most dazzling panoramas in the universe was spread below him, Irwin Phaibus slumped in his seat, sulking. He was too rapt to gaze at the sweeping Plain of Enor, which, viewed from the sky, was a kaleidoscopic pattern of cultivated fields. Instead, he looked narrowly, suspiciously at the Enorians aboard the cruiser.

So these, he thought, are our munificent benefactors, our big brothers who saved us from destruction, our guardian angels, these frail, hairless creatures with oversized heads and undersized bodies. They looked like cute little gnomes, light-hearted and kindly. Phaibus knew they were not.

Phaibus knew how the Enorians had vanquished his planet; he had learned it both from the Enorian-operated education center and from conversations of his family and friends. And naturally he had gotten two completely different stories. The history tapes at school had told him how the noble, clear-headed Enorians had rescued mankind from nuclear disintegration and taught a new kind of humanitarianism. Men had been shown how to govern themselves effectively, and given a tremendous bulk of scientific knowledge by the Enorians.

His fellow Earthmen, however, taught Phaibus why he must hate the Enorians. He had been told that the invaders

swept down on his people just as they were on the verge of interplanetary travel, and that they subdued the Earth simply by demonstrating fantastic weapons. Thus it was that the entire planet had become a tributary of Enor, and the population coerced into supplying minerals that the older planet lacked. After decades, the Enorians relaxed slightly their hold but still looked down on Earthmen. Some of the more talented humans, like Phaibus, were brought to Enor and given some of the more trivial jobs.

Phaibus slumped farther into his seat. Five days on Enor and he was sick to his stomach. The way they treated humans disgusted him. Phaibus had a fierce racial pride, and he knew that no human would ever treat anybody as the Enorians did. Somehow his own people were different; they had common decency, compassion. He remembered the legends of the United States of America, a dreamland where all were "created equal". This gave him hope, because somewhere he had heard that history runs in cycles. Perhaps there would be once again a time when everyone lives together in harmony and these old ideals would be realized.

With a sigh, he looked up at the small sign on the wall of the aircraft: HUMANS STEP TO THE REAR OF THE CRUISER.



THE DREAMERS

Martin Bickman '63

THE OLD ONE was just lying and staring at nothing when Lange came to sit beside him. When his failing senses finally became aware of Lange, he uttered, "What have you been doing?"

"Oh! . . . Playing. Nothing else to do," said Lange.

"But you do not look happy. Did you hurt yourself?"

"No, I guess I'm just bored. Lately I've been frustrated about the purposelessness and futility of our lives. We do nothing but exist. During the day we play and eat, and at night we sleep, only to wake up again to play and eat some more."

"Do not worry, Lange," advised the old one. "Everything has its purpose in the scheme of the Universe. Our existence must have a purpose, although perhaps we do not see it. If we played no part in the workings of the universe, whatever power that governs it would not have created us in the first place, or nourished our lives with food and water."

"But what is this power you're talking about?" asked Lange. "Why and how does the universe exist anyway?"

"Well, I am afraid that that question will never be answered. There are, however, many theories. An interesting one is that the whole universe exists only on a mental level."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that substance is only a materialization of thought. You see, matter and energy are interchangeable. Matter is only energy in a different form, and thought is a form of energy."

"Yes," said Lange, "but matter is still matter and energy is still energy."

"But the only proof we have that matter exists is through our minds, and our senses. If we could not see, hear, feel, touch, or smell, the material world would not exist for us. Thus the mind is

all-important to the condition of the universe, or at least the way it appears to us."

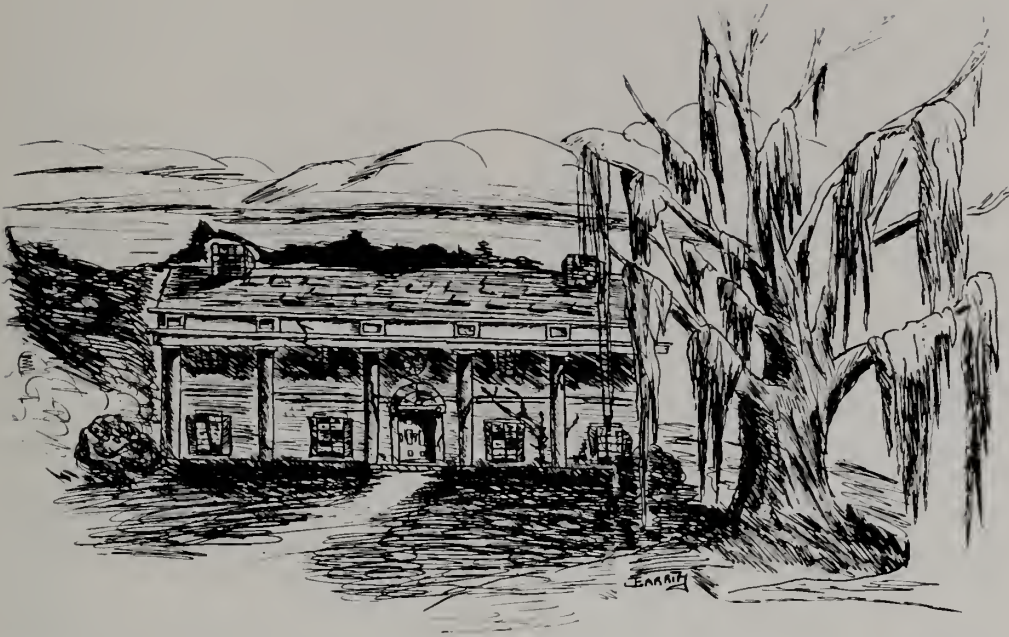
"As far as we know, though," said Lange, "our minds do not have any real effect on matter."

"Remember that we use only a small portion of our brain. Our conscious mind is only a fragment of our potential intellect; it is nothing more than a means to see our inner self, much as our eyes enable us to see the outside world. There are tremendous powers hidden in that vast, unused section of our mind, called the subconscious."

"When we dream, we come into closer contact with the subconscious. Through the fog of sleep, we see blurred the extraordinary thoughts of our real mind. Where do these thoughts come from? Where do they go? Perhaps among the subconscious mind's powers there is the ability to convert these thoughts into matter in another part of the universe or on another plane of existence."

To Lange this was merely a game he played with the old one, this bandying about of words, this creating of fantastic but logically sound theories. But he knew how to play the game well, so he tossed in one of his own suggestions. "Maybe we are just a part of somebody's dream. That would easily explain our existence, and maybe —" the old one was hardly listening to him now. Weariness was taking hold of him. Seeing this, Lange said, "Well, I better go now." The old one fell into another one of his lapses into oblivion.

Lange thought about what the old one had said when he awoke the next morning. He also thought about the marvelous dream he had last night. It was about a beautiful place where a yellow sun hung in a blue sky, and funny, two legged creatures scurried about in green meadows.



WILLIAM FAULKNER: THE EARLY PERIOD

Richard Kaplan '63

WILLIAM FAULKNER'S concern in virtually all of his works is the South; he chose his native Mississippi in which to create a huge triangular plot of land in the northern part of the state, a mythical kingdom, Yoknapatawpha County, which to him represents the strivings, frustrations, lost honor, and fierce vendetta of a decayed and tragic civilization. Yoknapatawpha, however, is not a photograph; it is not realistic, but rather a myth. Just as the Greek myths showed the ideals of Greece rather than a detailed account of actual life, so do Faulkner's works try less to record the actual South than to create fascinating images or impressions of it, its people, and its motivations. It is this analysis of the decay of the South by using self created myths and dynasties that occupy the core of Faulkner's writing.

The first of these myths and dynasties appeared in **Sartoris**, the first work which showed Faulkner's individualism in the fields of character and setting, his first two works being banal and unim-

pressive. Yoknapatawpha County appears first in **Sartoris**; only a hurried sketch of it but nevertheless a foundation. The tale deals with the Sartoris clan, which, like most of Faulkner's other families, is obsessed with visions of pride, guilt, and insanity. The main theme of the novel is the despair of young Bayard Sartoris, his feelings of guilt concerning his brother's wartime death, and his will towards self destruction. The novel lacks impact however, for Faulkner seems too absorbed with describing the features and populace of his new world to be content with focusing on one central character. It is this lack of unity that makes **Sartoris** a failure.

The Sound and the Fury is the first fully mature Faulkner work, and is considered by many critics to be his masterpiece. The novel relates the history of the Compson family, which fell from a position of aristocracy and power into one of depravity and moral degeneration.

The first section of the book is told by

Benjy, the thirty year old idiot. Benjy has no sense of language or grammar, and cannot distinguish between the past and present tenses; consequently, his monologue is a series of vague and distorted impressions. It is by use of his unrelated scenes and chronologically twisted ramblings that the reader feels the presence of the family's humiliating decay, its vain and anachronistic ideals, and its physical and moral perversity.

The next section is related by Quentin Compson, the potential suicide, and it too is filled with long, almost insane ravings concerning Quentin's obsession with the family honor and the virginity of the South.

The final two sections are more traditional in style and help to clarify the previous action. The marvelous intertwining of scene with scene; character with character; the reality of what the family is with the vain visions of what it once was make it one of Faulkner's most truly memorable works.

Sanctuary, a popular novel, was quickly dismissed by early critics who saw in it merely a cheap exploitation of sex, namely, the corruption and seduction of Temple Drake, daughter of a wealthy and prominent judge, by Popeye, an insane northern killer. Faulkner's theme, however, uses symbolism to portray complex moral issues. Temple Drake is seen as a prime example of Southern Womanhood, pretending propriety, but at heart, diseased. Popeye, who is described in such mechanical terms as having "the vicious, depthless quality of stamped tin" is northern mechanism, impotent and destructive, invading a quickly decaying South. When the true protagonist of the tale, Horace Benbow, a Memphis lawyer, and a representative of the more stable and traditional elements in Southern society, tries to defend Lee Goodwin, accused of a murder actually committed by Popeye, he turns to Temple Drake, a witness to the crime, believing that she is still morally pure. Southern Womanhood however, is completely corrupted, and because of Temple's perjury, Goodwin, who is the outcast of society, is lynched.

Sanctuary, although an extremely

complex moral and social work, is not the masterpiece it might have been, for even though the symbolism is brilliant, it never quite develops. The characters go through their roles as if they were reading a script; they are, in a sense, stark symbols of moral conditions in society and not real people.

Light in August surpasses anything Faulkner wrote up to that time. It is far looser in style and construction than **The Sound and the Fury**, and far less credible; nevertheless it shows a new concept of morality and tragedy which Faulkner had never before undertaken. In the earlier novels the tragedies that befell the characters, such as Quentin Compson's suicide in **The Sound and the Fury**, were the tragedies of the entire family rather than of the individual. The doom of the earlier characters was in reality the death of a minute part of the South.

The tragedy of **Light in August** evolved from the conflict between an individual and society. The main theme is Joe Christmas's plight and eventual slaughter, stemming from both his fears of being part Negro, and those forces around him which refuse to recognize him as White.

Christmas, an orphan, is brought up in an institution before being adopted by the MacEacherns. The one thing he holds on to is his individuality and this is immediately threatened by his foster-parent's attempts to make him conform to their manner of life, and by his own secret fears of Negro blood.

Later on he goes to live with a Miss Burden, the daughter of a New England abolitionist. It is her Puritan heritage which makes her believe firmly that Christmas is a Negro, and she tries to make him belong to Negro society, attend a Negro college, and completely renounce himself as White. Christmas, in a final outburst of despair at her attempts to mold him, murders her, and the tragedy is concluded as he is hunted down by society as a "nigger murderer", and is killed and mutilated by a National Guardsman.

Absalom, Absalom!, a powerful utterance of the long and tragic moral decline of a civilization, is one of the most original works of the twentieth century. Faulkner here combines all of

his best qualities, a new and brilliant style, and a complexity but solidity of construction and dramatic sequence that the previous novels in many ways lacked.

Thomas Sutpen, the protagonist, was obsessed with his "design" of building the largest plantation in the state and having an heir to maintain it; of becoming a white lord, instead of remaining the "poor white trash" that he was born. He stole over a hundred square miles of land from the Indians, and with a party of slaves secretly smuggled in from Haiti, he began accomplishing his goal. His first marriage ended in disaster when he discovered that his wife was in part Negro, and he sent both her and his infant son away from the plantation. Having remarried, he had two children, Judith and Henry, and began to see his "design" completed when Henry suddenly returns home from college with a newly made friend, Charles Bon, who subsequently fell in love with Judith. Sutpen discovered, however, that Bon was in reality his son by his first marriage. He sent Bon from the house; Henry, having refused to believe it, left with him. Years passed, and when the Civil War was over, Bon, still wanting to marry Judith, returned once again to the plantation. Henry, however, convinced that Bon was his half brother, tried to talk him out of it, and when he failed, he killed Bon, confessed his deed to Judith, and fled. When Sutpen returned from the war, he found his wife dead, his daughter in a state of emotional shock, one son dead, the other a fugitive, and his once glorious plantation in a state of utter ruin. Nevertheless, he still held on to his futile dream of a Sutpen Empire, and when his attempts to relieve the plantation of its debts failed, he almost went beserk. Desperately he appealed to his wife's younger sister, asking for her

hand in marriage, merely to gain a son. He was refused however, and when he discovered that Milly Jones, a young girl with whom he had had an affair had given birth, he is utterly broken; he persuaded Milly's father to kill him.

The most important element in this Gothic tale, as the title implies, is Sutpen's refusal to accept Bon as his son; this denial brings about the death of both Henry and Bon, and the collapse of Sutpen's Hundred.

This novel, more than any previous Faulkner work, is essentially a myth, a parable of the lost era, and is a magnificent insight into the soul of the South.

The story is told by three different narrators, less to get a varied look at the bizarre action than to see three different attitudes towards the ideals of Yoknapatawpha, as personified by Sutpen. One of the narrators, Rosa Coldfield, the younger sister of Sutpen's second wife, sees Sutpen, the decaying South struggling for existence, as a paranoic, demonic animal. The other two narrators are Mr. Compson and his son, Quentin, two of the protagonists of **The Sound and the Fury**. The elder Compson rationalizes Sutpen's actions. He cannot condone what has been done, but he cannot condemn his beloved South. Quentin's version is the most fascinating; he believes Sutpen to be a monster, and yet at the same time he can't condemn him, for the South is obsessive, selfish, and ruthless, but nevertheless overpowering, and Quentin is unable to disown himself from it; it is altogether too much a part of him and his heritage.

Absalom, Absalom! closes Faulkner's first period of writing. Although he was to write many penetrating studies of Southern conscience, none was to attain the excellence in style and structure of the earlier novels.



779 Maple Drive

Andrew Razin '63

CAST: James and Margaret Uprightson, Pud, Biddy, and Slothy Uprightson.

SET: The Uprightson home, a two-story, semi-modern house with fireplace, Dutch kitchen door, flagstone path, etc., etc.

Title flashes. Enter in single file rosy cheeked Slothy, Pud, Biddy and Mrs. Uprightson, all smiling, naturally! (Molars are visible.) Each bestows a kiss on Mr. Uprightson, whose face is also bisected by a smile. FADE OUT.

One minute commercial for SCUZZ paper towels, on which a 9 lb. toaster is dropped from a second story window without damage to the towel.

Scene I

The Uprightson house. Late afternoon. Enter Pud skipping along flagstone path, whistling "Zippedy-do-da." Attempts to hurdle bottom half of Dutch door. Mrs. U is cooking in silk dress and high heels, feels a draft, closes top half of door. Loud crash. Pud enters, limping, cradling head with hands. (CANNED LAUGHTER.)

PUD: Hi, Mom!

MRS. U: Hi, Pud. How did things go in school today?

PUD: Oh, okay, I guess. (Snatches cookie from pan) Say, these aren't bad! (CANNED LAUGHTER)

MRS. U: (Slapping Pud's hand, flashes 20 carat ring)

You'll ruin your supper.

(Pud hops gaily through the kitchen into the parlor, summersaults over sofa, runs to stairs, which he takes three at a time, disappears, CANNED LAUGHTER. Mrs. U. sighs, smiling boys-will-be-boys smile as Pud reappears, falling down stairs three at a time, and smashes skull on wall. Enter Biddy in pink-ribboned pony tail.)

BIDDY: (In high-pitched whine) Oh, Mother.

MRS. U: (Turns around wearing what's-the-matter-boobsy smile)

What's wrong, dear?

BIDDY: I have a problem.

MRS. U: (Wearing through-thick-and-thin smile) Well, get it off your chest now and stop sulking.

BIDDY: It's about the dance, Mother . . . (FADE OUT . . . FADE IN) You see, Mother, (perplexed, on verge of tears) I just don't know whom to go with.

MRS. U: Say, this is a problem. You'd better tell your father when he comes home.

Scene II

Supper Table

PUD: Pass the peas, squirt. (CANNED LAUGHTER)

SLOTHY: Here's your peas, Big Squirt. Sticks out tongue at Pud. Pud belts Slothy in the labonza. (CANNED LAUGHTER)

MRS. U: Biddy, you're not eating.

BIDDY: (Dejected) I'm not hungry, Mother.

PUD: Goin' on a diet, fats? (CANNED LAUGHTER)

MR. U: That's enough, Pud. What's the matter Biddy, don't you feel well? (All become serious. Closeup of Slothy picking nose.)

BIDDY: It's nothing, Father.

MRS. U: (Righteously) It's not nothing, Jim. Biddy, tell Father what you told me this afternoon.

BIDDY: Well, you see, Father, Viewcrestbrook High is running a dance after the game against Springhillglade Academy, and Tom — you know Tom —

PUD: Yeah, isn't he the one who got expelled for carving his initials on the principal's back? (CANNED LAUGHTER)

BIDDY: Oh, shut up. Well both Tom and Jerry — he just moved in — have asked me to the dance, and I don't know whom to go with.

MR. U: Say, this is a problem.

SLOTHY: Mommy, I want dessert.

MR. U: Quiet, angelovykitten.

SLOTHY: Mommy, I want dessert.

MR. U: Pud, shut her up.

(Pud, smiling, belts Slothy in the labonza. CANNED LAUGHTER)

BIDDY: You see, Father, Jerry's new and well, I think I should sort of show him around. But I've known Tom for so long and — well — I — (Bursts into tears and runs upstairs. Reappears, falling down stairs three at a time, smashes skull on wall. CANNED LAUGHTER)

PUD: (Nursing head) Better fix that stair tread, Dad.

Scene III

Biddy's room, ten minutes later.

BIDDY: I know whom I'm going to the dance with, Father.

MR. U: Well now, wait a minute, Biddy. There are many considerations to take into account in the decisions that you'll have to make in life. (Theme plays quietly.) Some of them may not be so easy as others. Sometimes you'll be troubled in deciding. (Theme grows louder.) Now you don't want to hurt Tom's feelings because you've known him for so long, and you don't want to hurt Jerry, because you want him to feel welcome. So, in making this decision, you should give every facet of the situation your —

BIDDY: But, Father, —

MR. U: You have to realize that, although you've known Tom for years, you have a responsibility to new friends too, but, on the other hand —

BIDDY: Father! —

MR. U: You must remember that, although you've got a responsibility to new friends, you have to realize that you've known Tom for years. So in deciding —

BIDDY: Father, will you listen to me?

MR. U: What is it, honeyprincesscutes?

BIDDY: Tom just called to say he had the measles.

MR. U: Oh. (Leaves room, cringing)

Scene IV

Living room

MR. U: Well, folks, (background theme) you can see that we Uprightsons have our problems, just like any other American family. You can see that every family needs cooperation, a sense of duty, and unity to make it strong, healthy, and clean-cut. And, speaking of clean, have you tried new Bash in your washer?

(FADE OUT)

Commercial for BASH, introducing new HOME-ARMY-REGIMENT-SIZE box (FADE IN.)

MR. U: Well, next week, our apple-cheeked little Slothy gets herself into a real pickle. She winds up being one of two finalists in a school spelling bee, and her opponent is her best friend! The entire family runs around in circles trying to give her advice, but, as usual, (Shines fingernails on lapel. Beams haughtily,) it's father who solves the problem. See how I do it next week. Good night, folks. (Exit upstairs. Reappears falling down etc., etc.)

FINIS



THE BEST OF THE



*The world is a nothingness
An orb of nonentity,
A geoid of nugacity,
An ellipsoid of nihility,
A parhelion of vacuity,
And we live in it.*

*The end is here;
There is no more;
The bomb is built;
The time is near.
The bomb is built;
The rocket fueled;
The button pushed —
The buildings wilt.
The button pushed —
The world is doomed.
All life will cease.
Too bad!*

*Hello Death!
Finally I've met you.
It took years to beat the rap of life,
The time of strife. But I did it.
Now you can decay my flesh, and
Creep into my marrow to chew
My corpuscles to dust.
Now you can engulf my form in
Your wrapping of rot.
Now you can seep into my
Lungs, and remove the tissue which
Kept me from you for so long.
Wasn't it worth the wait?*

VERSE OF FISHMAN

What are children made of? —

*Faces that please,
Screams and disease.*

*Tears that sadden,
Shrieks that madden.*

*Laughs and cries,
Ears and eyes.*

*Scissors and paste,
Blood and waste.*

Who needs them?

*I used to think
The world was round,
And built so it
Was very sound.
But now the blasts
Upon the land
Have made great winds
And changed the sand
To deadly specks
Of radiation,
Which could destroy
Our thriving nation.
And stop our hearts'
Slow, timely beat
And melt our bones
With intense heat.
This fallout could
Destroy the earth,
And thus prevent
Another birth
Of such a genius
As I'll be known
For writing this
Delightful poem.*





The Cannonball Adderly Quintet at The Lighthouse (Riverside-344): Sack o' Woe; Big "P"; Blue Daniel; Azure Serape; Exodus; What is This Thing Called Love?

Personnel: Nat Adderly, cornet; Julian "Cannonball" Adderly, alto saxophone; Victor Feldman, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Louis Hayes, drums. (Recorded live at The Lighthouse, Hermosa Beach, California; October 16, 1960).

This recording isn't a conglomeration of involved, unconquerable, or otherwise puzzling thoughts. It is the solid swinging sound of one of the most successful groups in jazz. There is no concern here for music students who listen ardently for "steals" from Bartok or Prokofiev, who would have been Adderly "buffs" anyway; this sound is just down-to-earth soul, containing the finest musicianship and individuality. The trouble with too many people is that they want to tear both music and

musician apart into meaningless sections of "criticism," instead of trying to enjoy music.

These musicians are rated among the most creative in jazz. Messrs. Jones and both Adderlys have been winners of "People's and Critics' " Polls in every jazz magazine in America and Europe.

Louis Hayes, the youngest member of the group, only twenty-four, has been playing with name groups for the last five years; first with Horace Silver and now permanently with Cannonball. He won the New Star Critics' Poll, Downbeat Magazine. Hayes, out of the Max Roach-Art Blakey-Philly Jo Jones school, is one of the most recorded of drummers.

Victor Feldman is the only new member of the Adderly group on this recording. Born in London, England, '34, Feldman first came to this country in 1955. Since his arrival to America, Vic has been studying piano and vibra-

harp and free-lancing on the West Coast, mainly around L. A.

The six pieces here have become standards in the Adderly repertoire. "Sack o' Woe," a Cannonball original, is the "funkiest" of all six selections. It opens with several bars of simple phrases, forming a flavorful theme. The theme is dropped and Cannonball starts off the eventual cycle of solos for everyone except Hayes. Nat is up now and gives a few strong Gillespie implications, followed by an excellent solo from Feldman; in fact, it is the best solo on this song. Sam Jones injects the final message to bring everyone back to a repetition of the opening bars. The whole thing is very fine. Five stars in anyone's book.

Sam Jones introduces "Big 'P'", written by tenorman Jimmy Heath for his famous brother, Percy, bassist of the Modern Jazz Quartet. After a few symphonic plucks from Jones, all break into the theme. Cannon gives an intense, deep-rooted solo. Unfortunately, Feldman tactlessly cuts Nat short. Vic, however, makes up for this inconsideration with a relaxed, sensitive solo. On the whole this track is succinct in its solos, harmonious in ensembles, and unusually good throughout.

"Blue Daniel" is the only thing in 3/4 time on this disc and is treated with graceful solos by Feldman, Nat and Julian. It's unbelievably difficult to improvise on "'Daniel,'" because its theme is based only on a very few notes. But Julian proves you can go all the way in improvisation intelligently. Listen to the strong relationship between his phrases. It is rare to hear such intelligent handling of a waltz, which is often played by so called "experimental" musicians such as Brubeck or Max Roach in a "center ring" circus style. Feldman really shines here and Nat has a very well developed solo.

"Azule Serape" or "Blue Shawl" was written by Feldman and is easily the best piece on this side. All the solos are full-toned and quite polished. Julian's rather long solo is so creative that the intelligently flurried notes that fly from his horn seem to go endlessly in search for even more imaginative phrasing. Nat also shows his best on this track. Feldman's very inviting opening statement builds to a rocking

climax. Jones finally wraps the whole bit up with a brief, witty solo. Louis Hayes' superb backing should also be noted carefully. "Azule" epitomizes this group's rare ability to play harmoniously and yet develop very constructive solos to the most challenging themes.

"Exodus," which has no connection with the recent movie, as far as I can find, is really disappointing because of its languid theme. The theme is as depressing as any Ramsey Lewis side. It is based on the hackneyed Latin type, with a Latin opening before each solo, followed by a continuance of chord changes minus the Latin background from the rhythm section, and finally ending with the opening Latin horror. The chance of creativeness for the other members of the group would literally die from sterility if it were not for Cannonball's powerful musing solo at the beginning. The most complimentary thing that could be said about this all too obvious botch is that it's fast.

This overall happy package is ended with the classic, "What Is This Thing Called Love?". It is played in the standard manner with up-tempo Latin beginning played at the end of each solo. This technique lines the next soloist up to repeat the theme and add something of his own — just for the sake of variation, I suppose. Sam Jones provides very strong support, aided by the dynamic playing of Hayes. Nat, however, is not very ambitious at all on this cut. He shouts a few stentorian notes and then shuts up immediately. When the song is finally ended, Julian adds a few humorous words about love, leaving the listener with a feeling of intimacy.

This live recording represents the best and occasionally the worst of one of the freshest, most creative and exciting groups in contemporary jazz. From a technical viewpoint, although recorded live at The Lighthouse, this album is superb. The musicians are the finest in their field; the music excellent and the atmosphere so relaxed, that you are forced to feel the excitement in the smoke-filled nightclub. Cannon's amusing introductions also create rapport between musician and listener and make for a much more receptive atmosphere for this fine group.

— JOSEPH PASSARETTI '63

LIGHT IN THE PIAZZA

WITH AN UNUSUAL plot and a star-studded cast, **Light in the Piazza** is a fine motion picture. It is a drama, though tinged with comedy, together providing a perfect blend.

The movie based on a story by Elizabeth Spencer concerns an American mother's attempt to give her beautiful, but mentally-retarded daughter a life as normal as possible. While sightseeing in Florence, Italy, the girl meets and falls in love with a romantic, young Italian. The mother at first tries to stifle the whirlwind courtship but soon realizes that the girl is in her own element among the boy's people. The two fathers now enter the story, causing several complications to the foreseeable solution.

The movie is extremely well acted. Olivia de Havilland is superb in her role as the kind, hesitant mother. Yvette Mimieux portrays the girl with the innocence and changefulness that the role demands. George Hamilton as the girl's suitor is enchanting with his Italian accent. Both Rossano Brazzi and Barry Sullivan are more than suitable for their respective parts as the gay, romantic father of the boy and the unbelieving, realistic father of the girl.

Its good direction, photography, acting and story add up to an entertaining movie. **Light in the Piazza** is both unusual and interesting, but most important it is wholly satisfying.

— PETER J. ROTHENBERG

NOTICE

The Editors announce that beginning with the next issue, a new column, "Letters To the Editors", will be initiated. The members of the student body are encouraged to make known their thoughts and criticisms, pro and con, concerning the articles published in the REGISTER. Mature, constructive letters will be printed in future issues.

EDITORIALS



THE COLLEGE MACHINE

IN THE RECENT commotion about the "decline and fall" of Boston Latin School, almost everything has been blamed, from the temporary teachers, to the swollen enrollment, to the Latin language itself. If the school is really declining at all, one factor which should be examined before all others is the attitude of the students and the teachers. Most of the students and many of the teachers feel that the only purpose of a Latin School education is to push its beneficiary into a top college. Intellectual stimulation and understanding have become unimportant by-products.

No one denies the importance of a student's grades in high school, but many students are too preoccupied with their marks. All their classroom work and home assignments seem to be directed only toward those little numbers appearing in their respective places on the all-important purple and white report card. A few students have almost become neurotics over marks; their conversation consists mostly of such nervously uttered remarks as "Think there'll be a math test tomorrow?" or "What did you get in the French test?" They'll haggle with a teacher over a few points they feel they deserve, as if the addition of the points would make them any smarter. Many a devoted Latin School boy is willing to waste hours reviewing his Latin vocabulary or French verb forms, but hesitates to spend any of his precious time reading a good book for his own enjoyment. And when a science or math teacher starts to explain something a little advanced for the course, a few hands spring into the air, their owners inquiring, "Are we responsible for this?" A negative answer permits them to close their minds, relax their brains, and not bother to understand the now useless explanation.

This attitude extends into the extra-curricular activities also. Students, aware that colleges are looking for well-rounded individuals, proceed to compile extremely well-rounded record cards by joining several of the school's forty-odd clubs. This using of clubs as a wedge for getting into a better college explains why there are so many inactive, uninterested members in school clubs. Of course, there is an intelligent rule in the school that prohibits students from joining more than two clubs, but this rule is heeded by few masters and fewer pupils. Perhaps if this rule is ever strictly enforced, an inclusive Summary Record Card Credit Club will be formed. To give enough of its members impressive records for college, elections for office could be held weekly.

Sometimes the faculty and the administration seem also to overemphasize marks and college entrance examinations. Many courses are geared only for the college boards, whose multiple-choice set-up stresses factual knowledge rather than complete understanding. A student who follows a course of study designed for the college boards will score higher than one who may know the subject better but has not been drilled for the test. Thus our school may be pushing undeserving graduates into colleges where they will find difficulty in keeping up with the work.

This situation is not completely the fault of either the students, the teachers, or the administration. The students cannot take all the blame, because keener competition for the best colleges makes it a necessity to have excellent high school records. The teachers are not wholly at fault because they are trying to act in the best interests of the students; nor is the administration at fault in encouraging the teachers to follow this policy. After all, a school is judged by the quality of the colleges its graduates enroll in. Basically, it is the fault of the present system of college admission.

Here at Latin School, though, we cannot change the whole system. But we can somewhat alter our attitude and our curriculum to promote freer and more creative thinking while still devoting enough attention to the college boards. If we spend more time trying to grasp the difficult concepts of science, philosophy, and literature, our marks might be a little lower on the college boards, but we would be much better equipped to handle work on a college level. Boston Latin must not only prepare its students for getting into college; it must prepare them for college itself and for life.

— MARTIN BICKMAN '63

BOAST NOT FOR TOMORROW

FRANCE'S PROBLEM is symptomatic of a changing world and of a basic change in outlook of the human race. This basic change, which began with the Magna Carta, gained momentum with the American Revolution, and is evident in Algeria today, is a complete revulsion against terrific pressures of all kinds. The rebellion in Algeria, the political foment in Africa, the trouble in South America, all are international parallels to an interior rebellion which every country in the world faces. This interior rebellion is against religion, old social mores, and society itself. Statistics say that one out of five Americans will enter a mental institution at one time in his life. This indicates how difficult it is to adjust to our modern society. And many feel it is not an ideal society to adjust to.

Why is the world becoming so frantic? Two reasons; the geometrically-progressing advance of science, which entails fantastic super-weapons and, especially in urban centers where most of our population lives, a bewilderingly complex and hurried existence; and also the geometrically increasing population, whose pressure results in slums, race riots, famine in Asia, and many border incidents around the world. This preoccupation with science and the increased leisure science allows have created some of the weirdest escape mechanisms imaginable — television and what it presents — depravity, sadism, mass-furor "sporting events," as well as Cinemascope, Stereophonic, and inconsequential movies. These influences could turn, or have already turned, our people into a nation of morons.

Is there a solution? Probably none, short of the only present reducer of population and retardant to science — atomic war. The only other alternative is immediate, complete, and intelligent world cooperation. After a brief examination of history, which is comprised mostly of major wars, I'm sure mankind will choose the quick way out. I wish the rats, or whatever inherits the world when we are gone, better luck than we had.

— RICHARD GOODKIN '63

LORDS AND MASTERS



MR. CHIARINI of 123 is teaching health and physical education for his second year at Latin, although he has spent 17 years in the Boston school system. His own educational preparation occurred at East Boston High School, Dean Academy, Boston College, and Boston University. World War II temporarily dampened his career plans and nearly claimed his life. Mr. Chiarini was interned South of Rennes, France, in Stalag 221, a German concentration camp. While being moved to Germany he and a few other officers escaped from a moving box car. He now peacefully resides in Roslindale with his wife and three children.

Mr. Chiarini is a temperate man and he urges youth to find a happy medium in life. "Nothing done to excess can be beneficial, even study and sport. Moderation affords necessary change and a spice for life."

He is an assistant football coach at Dorchester High School and the hockey coach at South Boston High School. He regards athletics as a great strengthening influence and force for democracy. Mr. Chiarini feels that the young athlete in his team is a mighty potential for our nation's defense. He says that there are incomparable gains to be derived from teamwork with respect to knowledge of democracy.

DR. SPECTOR was born in Boston and graduated from English High School. A Korean War veteran, he received his Bachelor of Laws from Boston College and his Doctor of Philosophy in History and Literature from Boston University. His specialty is American Studies, and he can be found after school working with the Debating Club.

Dr. Spector believes that a genuine education includes training in the humanities, and that a training in the humanities revolves about history, literature, and government. History shows men how to work for a noble future by unfolding the experience of the past, literature demonstrates worthwhile goals, and government constitutes the vehicle by which these goals are achieved.

His advice to students: "Thoreau remarked that nothing is wrong with building castles in the air so long as one places foundations beneath them. This gives the impression that any ideal may be relatively quickly achieved. I rather think the trick is to effect a proper balance between vision and practicality. Doing this may not always mean we shall reach our destination, but at least it puts us on the road."





EARLY IN THE year, Latin School was host to the admissions officers of the following colleges: Harvard, Bates, Brandeis, Boston College, Tufts, Boston University, and Massachusetts Institute of Technology. By the eagerness the gentlemen displayed in the auditorium, it is clearly evident that our boys are welcome at their respective colleges. Sincere thanks from all the members of Class I go to Mr. Hopkinson and Mr. Pearson for making these interviews possible.

At the Christmas assembly, Edward "Eddie" Bailey was awarded the Charles E. Grinnel Memorial Scholarship. This prize is awarded to that member of the graduating class, who, in the opinion of his classmates, is the best example of scholarship, self-adjustment, and school spirit. Sometime later at Boston College, Eddie received the coveted "Classmates Today — Neighbors Tomorrow" citation by the Jewish War Veterans of the United States.

Those outbursts of activity which were faintly audible on the third floor at the beginnings of January and of March were caused by an ancient form of torture known as the College Entrance Board Examinations. The Seniors' time now has passed, and they must merely await slips of acceptance from colleges. Or is that rumor to be

SOMETHING OF INTEREST

substantiated that next year's Post Graduate group will be close to the size of this year's Senior Class? Proving we are still tops, though, students of this school are winning academic honors with increasing regularity. This column is pleased to announce that Harvey Cohen, Leonard Danker, Richard Feinberg, Robert Greco, William Hapgood, Edward Malick, and Richard Temkin, all of Class I, entered the elite "800 club".

Sometime in late January, the Boston Globe sponsored its Annual High School Editors' Conference at the Sheraton Plaza Hotel. Phil Rabinowitz, Marty Bickman, Richie Kaplan, Dick Summers, and Bob Correnti represented B.L.S. The Speakers, John Nelson, John Emmeric, and Jack Hamilton, discussed the Racial Problem in the South. A brief question and answer period followed after which waiters graciously served a delicious luncheon.

Harvey Levensohn, Class I, received the Blue Ribbon award for a painting submitted in the Globe Scholastic Art Contest. Harvey didn't stop there; on February 15, he was presented a Gold Key at the Boston University School of Fine and Applied Arts. His work was sent on to the National Competition in New York.

On Tuesday of the vacation week, February 20, about 75 juniors and seniors and their dates attended the annual Mid-Winter Dance. This year's



affair was held at The New England Mutual Hall, and the couples danced to the music of Dave Lawrence and his orchestra. After the dance, the couples went off to the better eating places and nightclubs about town. According to all sober reports, it was a very pleasant evening for all, and thanks are due to the Dance Committee for their good work.

On Saturday, February 24, 1962, BLS's Michael Rubino became the new 198 lb. class weightlifting champion in the New England Open Weightlifting Championship held at the Boston YMCA. Competing against other boys from all around New England, Mike set 2 new records with a 230 lb. snatch and a 310 lb. clean and jerk. A native of Italy and in this country only six years, Mike has already shown good character and fine sportsmanship as both an athlete and scholar.



Having had a whole vacation to study, all the seniors of B.L.S. were ready and eager for the College Board Tests on Saturday March 3rd. Tightly clutching their tickets of admissions, they attacked the tests in high spirits.

What? School on Saturday? — It was indeed an amazing sight to see bleary-eyed Latin School juniors staggering into school early on Saturday morning, March 10. With a bottle of "no-doze" pills in one hand, and a pencil in the other, they took their places for the National Merit Scholarship Qualifying Test. Many students were seen crawling out and moaning, "Show me the way to go home; the PSAT's were never like this!"

On Friday night, March 16, the long-awaited Show of the Century took place in the B.L.S. Assembly Hall: The



Gala National Honor Society Revue was presented before a capacity audience. It was a smashing success, the biggest and best ever, well-stocked with fine acts. There were many variety acts and musicians. In addition, our own crack drill team, and their trying protégés, the Mighty Mites, executed their skills with unusual snap and polish. Thanks go to Mr. Locke, sponsor of the N.H.S., Mr. Famiglietti, Director of the Glee Club, Lt. Col. Kelley, and all those who participated, without whose untiring efforts the show could never have been produced. All the proceeds went to the B.L.S. senior scholarship fund, which, on graduation night, awards several \$100 scholarships to deserving seniors.

The B.L.S. Key Club recently elected its officers for the coming year. Each candidate delivered a brief campaign speech stating his qualifications and intentions. The results: Edward Jay, President; Al Gurman, Vice-President; Peter Madsen, Secretary; and John Seery, Treasurer. The new Key Club leaders anticipate a successful year. Many new school and community service projects will be planned in addition to the ones conducted this year.

— ROBERT CORRENTI '63



SPORTS

HOCKEY

Latin vs. Tech

After a 9-2 opening game victory over a hapless Dorchester squad, Latin faced its first test of the season against powerful Tech. Displaying a fine team offense and tenacious defense, the Purple broke the game open early and hung on to win 4-2.

Latin started fast when at 15 seconds of the first period Bob Edmonston took a centering pass from Pete Treska and poked it under a sprawling Tech goalie. For the next five minutes, Latin was hemmed in by the hustling Technicians and the Purple could manage only a few good rushes. Latin finally came to life and at 5:45 Ken Potter on a Treska pass lofted a ten footer into the cords. Off the face-off seconds later, Potter sent Treska in alone for the final goal of the period. Latin continued to apply the pressure only to be repulsed by a fine Tech defense.

Latin continued their first period pace but at 2:30 of the frame, with Treska off for interference, Tech scored on a short screen shot. At 4:30 Treska broke away on a George Carroll pass and lighted the lamp for the final Latin score.

In the third period, Latin reverted to a tight defensive game. Bulwarked by the fine defensive work of Ed Gottlieb, George Carroll, and Pete Winstanley, the Purple held Tech to one goal, a twenty foot screen shot at 7:10.

Latin vs. English

Latin completely overpowered a weak English six in the renewal of the classic rivalry. Latin paced by Bob Walsh's hat trick controlled play the entire way for an 8-2 victory.

The first period did not indicate the rout that was to follow. Latin kept up a constant attack but the English goalie



turned aside most of the bids. Latin did manage two scores — Pete Treska's at 1:50 and Bob Walsh's power play goal at 8:10. English scored once at 4:40 after a scramble in front of the net.

Latin put the game out of reach in the second frame as they drove home 4 goals in the space of 4 minutes. Held at bay for the opening 5 minutes, Latin broke the ice at 5:30 when Ken Potter assisted by linemates Treska and Edmonston lighted the lamp. Bob Walsh got number two and three, on passes from Mike Treska and Bob Edmonston respectively, at 7:00 and 7:40. Potter finished it off by banging in an Edmonston rebound at 9:30.

Latin added two more early in the third period. Pete Winstanley, assisted by Pete Treska and Edmonston, rippled the cords at 2:50 with a 30 footer. Thirty seconds later, Mike Treska whistled a George Carroll pass into the cage. With a moment left, English scored on a 25 foot screen shot.

Latin vs. B. C. High

Latin dropped two early season tilts to the Eaglets by one-goal margins, 3-2 and 1-0.

In the first game Latin forechecked well and Bob Walsh put them in front at 7:30 of the first period. Most of the second period was a see-saw battle, but B. C. broke through for two marker late in the period. Latin fought back and at 5:30 of the third period Pete Treska notched the tying goal. Jubilation lasted for only one minute and fifteen seconds as B. C. scored again.

Latin controlled play during most of the third game but could not capitalize on what few breaks they received. At 1:15 of the first period B. C.'s right wing broke away for the winner. The rest of the way, Latin outplayed, outshot, and "out-everythinged" the Eaglets but with no result.

Latin vs. Trade

Tied for first place after a 5-1 victory over Dorchester and a 2-2 tie with Technical, Latin faced a surprising Trade squad in a fast-moving affair. Led by Capt. Pete Treska, the Purple jumped off to a quick lead in the first 2 periods and then held on in the third.

Latin started early and kept the puck in the Trade end only to be thwarted by Trade's goalie. However, at the five-minute mark, Treska sent a pass across the ice to Ken Potter and "D." beat the goalie with a 40 footer to the left corner. A minute and a half later, this duo teamed up again when Treska rippled the cords after a Potter pass.

Latin continued its aggressive offense in the second frame, and at 25 seconds Bob Edmonston slid a Treska rebound under a splitting goalie. The Purple peppered the Tradesmen for the rest of the period but to no avail.

When in the third period Latin's offense bogged down, the Purple set up a nearly impenetrable defense. Trade could manage but one goal—a 5 foot drive at 6:00. The final score was Latin 3, Trade 1.

Latin vs. B. C. High

After gaining 5 out of a possible 6 points, Latin found itself in second place, two points behind B. C. With a loss dooming Latin's championship hopes, the Purple played a hustling

game in winning its first game against the Eaglets in three years, 3 to 2.

From the start Latin was a hustling, aggressive team. Forechecking vigilantly, Pete Treska, at 1:00, stole the puck off a B. C. stick in front of the net, faked the goalie down and out, passed to linemate Bob Walsh and Bob backhanded it into the cords. Latin's second goal came a minute and a half later. Treska stole the puck behind the B. C. cage, drew the goalie, flipped to Walsh and red light. Latin kept up the pace but B. C.'s netminder turned back shot after shot. Latin's defense backed by Bob Mancini's brilliant stops met the few B. C. attacks with little difficulty.

In the second period, B. C. took advantage of some sloppy Latin play and at 4:30 scored on a 35 footer. Latin regrouped its forces but could not penetrate the Maroon's defense.

The largest crowd of the season grew sad when at a minute and thirty seconds of the 3rd, a scramble in front of the Latin net resulted in the tying goal. Latin fought back unrelentingly and at 4:45 frowns turned to smiles as that same duo, Pete and Bob, combined to put Latin in front for good. Pete lofted a 15 foot backhand of a Walsh rebound into the cords.

Today's fine performance gave the Purple a tie for the City League lead.

Latin vs. English

In the season's finale, Latin firmly trounced arch-rival English 7 to 1 and gained the City League championship.

The play in the first period was nearly all Latin. The Purple kept up a constant attack but scored only once. At 6:40 Bob Walsh assisted by "D" Potter, Ed Gottlieb, and Hank Wyne drove home a 15 footer.



In the second frame, Latin had a more decided advantage, yet fine goal-tending thwarted most of the bids. Latin did add two more though. Pete Treska scored one at 15 seconds and Potter, the other at 7:30. As in the first period, Latin harassment prevented any potent English thrust.

The third period was a rout. Latin scored almost at will. Treska at 1:10, Walsh at 2:45, Larvey at 4:15, and Alex Karys at 7:45 did the damage for the purple. Latin's bid for a shutout was marred at 8:20 on a close-in drive.

Wrap up. With this victory Latin completed its most successful season in recent years—10-2-2. Pete Treska was the league's leading scorer. Ed Gottlieb was elected captain of next year's squad and will be assisted by center Mike Treska. Congratulation to Pete Treska, Bob Walsh, Bob Edmonston, Pete Winstanley, Ken Potter, and Bob Mancini on their selection to the City League's All Star Team.

Latin vs. Worcester South

As leaders of the City League, Latin automatically qualified for the hockey tourney. In the tourney's opening

game, Latin faced a weak Worcester South six. Playing well throughout the game, the Purple soundly defeated South, 5-1.

Plagued by tourney jitters in the first period, the Purple could not get started until the six minute mark when Bob Walsh took a Pete Treska pass and drove the puck past a sprawled Worcester goalie. Latin continued to control the play but fine netminding prevented any further scoring.

In the second period, Worcester played better hockey and the game was more even. At 5:30, Worcester scored on a 20 footer past the skate of Bob Mancini. Latin fought back hard and with 45 seconds remaining "D" Potter banged home a score, with assists to Pete Treska and George Carroll.

Latin completely overpowered Worcester in the third period. At 3:40, Mark Flynn scored on a breakaway. Two minutes and thirty seconds later, Bob Walsh lofted a Treska rebound into the cords. Latin kept up its attack and with just seconds remaining Brian Doherty completed the scoring.

BASKETBALL

Recently the REGISTER interviewed Mr. Lambert, the Purple and White hoop mentor, in order to talk over the season. After a second place finish last year, the team had a dismal season this year, holding up the league with a 1-12 record. Ironically, in this age of bean-pole players, the Purple's most prolific scorer was only 5' 6". But the fact remains that the team must have a big man to "boss the boards."

"Not only did we lack a big man, but we were also without two or three consistently good shooters. Our biggest starter was 6' 2". Ron Texieria, the 6' 7" sensation from Catholic Memorial would have helped out nicely. He attended Latin School last year, but transferred at the conclusion of the school year.



"What we did gain from this season was experience. Most of the boys never played together before this year. Next year we will have a seasoned nucleus. But they are still about two years away from championship caliber; however, anything can happen.

"The rigid scholastic requirements certainly do not attract boys. It often happens that we end up playing against boys who started in Latin School. Another handicap is lack of practice. You will notice that two of the teams that are consistently title contenders, Trade and English, do not demand a great deal scholastically."

Asked about last year's team Mr. Lambert reported that Richie Hymoff and Butch Chardovoyne, our two all-star backcourt players, took care of the scoring. Jack Lanning, who is playing for the Fordham freshmen, Teddy Welburne, and Jack Callahan got the ball for us. Thus, we were able to get more shots than the opposition.

With that we concluded our interview.

However, we feel it our obligation



to urge all you loyal (?) sons of BLS to advise those gawky, long-limbed, lanky brothers of yours to attend Latin School. The education is invaluable; besides, we **need** basketball players.

TRACK

In an informal interview with Bill Jennings, captain of the Latin track team, we got Bill to analyze the team's season.

Q. "Bill, how did the team do in their meets this year?"

A. "We finished fourth in the Reggies behind Tech, English, and Trade. In our other two meets we finished second, losing to English in one and Tech in the other but defeating Trade in both."

Q. "In recent years, Class B has been our strongest division; yet the next year the A division seems to show no marked improvement over the previous season's poor performance. To what do you attribute this definite decline of potential between the two years?"

A. "Well, I think that the Class I boys

spend more time on their studies. With the constant worry about admission to college, the seniors cannot afford to spend the time necessary for track. The Class II boys seem to have more time for extracurricular activities. The juniors also meet many obstacles and are not always successful in overcoming them and staying in the school."

Q. "In most Latin School sports, there is fairly respectable student backing of the different teams. In track, there is almost no interest. What do you think accounts for this evident indifference, and do you think anything can be done about it?"

A. "To take the second part of the question first, I don't think anything can be done about the lack of interest in

the Latin School track. I think that the indifference is caused by a general lack of knowledge of the sport. People do not recognize the sport for what it is — colorful, exciting, and fast — and therefore they are not interested in it."

Q. "What do you think is the greatest problem facing Coach Patten?"

A. "The answer to that is definitely a lack of candidates. With so few boys competing, it is very difficult to mold

any formidable team."

In brief, we have an account of the problems that face Latin School track. These difficulties — the decline of potential between the junior and senior years, the general indifference of the student body and the lack of candidates — have combined to make Latin an "also-ran" in Boston track circles. The squad needs men and support. Give!!

SWIMMING

The swimming team was very successful this year. All this was accomplished with only meagre participation. There were no seniors and only four juniors swimming this season.

This year's tally was 5 wins and 2 losses in high school competition. The Brookline and Lynn teams won by 15 and 13 points respectively. Although it was disappointing to lose to both, each have pools at their disposal, and set practice sessions. The boys from our school must practice individually, and whenever their studies allow.

Several meets were held with college and prep-school teams, and here again our representatives did remarkably well. In one such meet, combined with English, the team scored 51 points, overcoming M. I. T.'s 44. In a similar meet with Brown, Latin and English were again victorious, with a 54-41 score. Latin, sans English, scored 43

points at New London to tie Coast Guard Academy. Tufts defeated our unaided team by only one point.

Legge was high scorer with a phenomenal 91 1/4 points; Levy was second with 73 1/4 points; and Hughes was third with 64 1/4 points. Two school records were set. Legge pushed the 100 yard butterfly down to 1:14:0, and the Hughes-Marion-Legge-Levy team performed the two hundred yard medley event in 2:04:8.

When we asked Coach Powers about the team's future, he pointed out that the entire group will be back next year. With more experience and practice, Latin School could go all the way.

Letterman were: Levy (co-captain), Marion (co-captain), Legge, Hughes, M. P. Donahue, M. J. Donahue, Sullivan, Desimone, Reid, Baldner, Smith, Rothenberg, Blackman, Ford, and Joyce.



THE PURPLE AND WHITE

WOOD PUSHERS

The Latin School Chess Team is one of seven teams competing in the Greater Boston Interscholastic Chess League, the other members of the league being Arlington, Belmont, Brookline, Cambridge Latin, Newton, and Newton South. Each team plays a twelve game schedule, playing each opponent twice on a home-and-home basis. A team is made up of ten players, arranged in order of their capabilities from first board to tenth. In each match each player plays his numerical opponent from the opposing school. The team gaining the most wins out of ten games is the winner.

This year's team is undoubtedly the strongest since the school's championship team of 1952. At the halfway mark of the season Latin leads the league. The nucleus of the team is formed by its first three boards, David Woo, Mark Tavel, and Martins Duhms, and its fifth board Allan Samansky, who, in a total of twenty-four games this year, have lost only twice between them. Dave Lowe, Ben White, Marty Flashman, Jim Gobert, Dave Nathanson, and Marty Bickman are the other starters.

The first match of the year was played in the lush surroundings of the Newton Country Club, although the sign over the door said "Newton South High School." Between moves the players could occupy themselves either in playing ping-pong, watching the girls, or, as in rare cases, concentrating on their chess games. Latin's first four boards (Tavel, Woo, Lowe, and

Duhms) **did** concentrate on the games and all four won. Drawn games by White, Samansky, and Bickman resulted in a 5 1/2-4 1/2 Latin victory.

The second match was no contest. Belmont, in its first year in the league, was overwhelmed by Latin 8 1/2-1 1/2. Belmont came armed with a team two members of which were girls. No doubt they hoped to distract the opposition. However, the Latin team members kept their eyes on their games, lest on looking up at the girls they be turned into stone.

In the next match Latin remained unbeaten by edging Cambridge, the score once again being 5 1/2-4 1/2. Wins by Duhms, White, Shore, and Flashman coupled with draws by Tavel, Woo, and Samansky gave Latin the margin of victory.

Against defending champion Arlington, BLS did not fare as well. Wins by Duhms, Samansky, Gobert, and Nathanson were not enough to offset five losses. The tenth and deciding game was stopped after 3 3/4 hours of play. It will be completed at a later date; however, the position is so even that Latin will have to work hard to earn a win and gain a tie for the match.

After the tough Arlington match, the team had an easy time in the next match, clobbering Newton 9-1. Everyone won for Latin except President Tavel, who later was brought up for impeachment.

The team wrapped up the first half

of the season by beating Brookline 5 1/2-4 1/2. Although only Woo, White, and Nathanson won for Latin, draws by Tavel, Lowe, Samansky, Flashman, and Bickman gave the necessary points for the victory.

Along with its regular matches, the team consented to play an exhibition match with our neighbors from across the street. On the day of the match, our ten stalwarts, unfortunately without the leadership of our coach, Mr. Zantor, gathered after school in the BLS cafeteria. Although English is dismissed at 2:30, the EHS team did not arrive until nearly four o'clock, no doubt because they became lost on the way over. The match finally got under way at 4. Approximately forty-five seconds thereafter the first win was chalked up for Latin. Five minutes later the score stood 7-0 in our favor, and English was becoming panicky, undoubtedly realizing (after extensive figuring by one of the brighter team members on a

borrowed slide rule) that the team's chances were growing dim. But, undaunted, the English captain rallied his team with this stirring speech: "Since Latin School is not represented by a coach, I hereby declare that the match is forfeited to English." Latin's shocked President, Mark Tavel, after he was able to stop laughing, informed the English High Boys that "Latin School Men do not need nursemaids to look after them!" He then asked English to leave. On leaving, one of the English boys, not wanting to become lost again, asked Dave Lowe for directions. Dave, with a fine gesture of good sportsmanship, told him where to go. Thus a new era in friendly relations between the two schools was begun.

The success of this year's team is primarily due to the efforts of our captain, Dave Woo, our coach Mr. Zantor, and the school custodians who have kicked the team out of the cafeteria only twice during crucial matches.

— MARK K. TAVEL '63





REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER

Jan. 22: If a drinking team is ever formed in the school, Ye R.R.R. is sure he'll get his liter.

Jan. 24: Overheard in railroad station:

"Did a train just go by here?"

"Yup."

"How do you know?"

"I can see the tracks."

Jan. 25: Ye R.R.R. just heard a joke about the avalanche in the Andes — it's a panic!

Jan. 26: Zorch: "What are you doing your research paper on?"

Finchnut: "Peaceful coexistence."

Zorch: "But that subject's too broad. What are you going to narrow it down to?"

Finchnut: "Peaceful."

Jan. 29: A question of vital importance:

Q: Why did Leif Ericson win the great Scandanavian race?

A: He was first to cross the Finnish line.

Jan. 30: Definition of twins: womb-mates

Feb. 1: During a basketball game:

Coach: "Boys, we have one quarter left."

A voice from sky: "Don't spend it all in one place."

Feb. 2: The Key Club now has a large enough membership to make a piano. What lock!

Feb. 5: Overheard in 207:

Mr. O. Rooftops: "Let's not waste any time, boys. We have a lot of material to cover this year."

DeFleur: "I know, sir, but do we have to do it all today?"

Feb. 6: What, no movie review in this issue?

Feb. 7: In an ice cream parlor (before it melted):

1st jerk: "How do you make an Orange Float?"

2nd jerk: "Put it in water."

Feb. 9: Birds of a feather fly.

Feb. 12: Hjmnop: "ifjd hdl Klsol pob?"

Klmwdk: "wdjomk forpm St5nok."

Hjmnop: "Flanm requxz fomj njai."

Feb. 13: Over-read in Bulletin:

There will be a meeting of the Professional Club in rooms 212, 213, 214, and 215 after school. Mr. L. Ranger will lecture on law enforcement as a profession.

Feb. 14: Roses are red,

Violets are blue,

You think this will rhyme

But it won't.

Feb. 15: Overheard in Drill Hall:

"Think, gentlemen, think . . . Simon says 'Think, gentlemen, think.' "

Feb. 16: Learned Master: Thus we see that the leopard goes through a long series of gradual evolutionary changes. Strangely enough, though, the leopard never notices this.

Sixie hiding in an inkwell: That's because a leopard never spots his changes.

Feb. 20: Ye R.R.R. finally figured out why this issue of the **Register** is so thin — Metracal.

Feb. 21: Hickory: "What does a drunk wear to sleep?"

Dickory: "Pajamas?"

Doc: "And a nightcap."

Feb. 23: I bet you think Ye R.R.R. is really writing this on Feb. 23.

Feb. 26: Overheard in Chem Lab:

"And what is copper nitrate?"

"A policeman's overtime."

"Shut up. If I want your reaction, I'll pour acid over you."

Feb. 27: Which master, when asked where the Worlds Fair should be held, replied, "Around the waist?"

Feb. 28: "How'd you get that flat tire, Goonik?"

"I ran over a milk bottle, sir."

"Couldn't you see it?"

"No. The kid had it under his coat."

Feb. 29: Isn't 1962 a leap year?

March 1: Today Ye R.R.R. got his hand bitten off by some lion who just came in.

March 2: Overheard in locker room:

Goodfish: "What holds a balloon up?"

Nortpoy: "Why, hot air, of course."

Goodfish: "What's keeping you down?"

March 5: Overheard in Latin class:

Paeneas, the great Roman poet, wrote in hexameter — that is, six foot lines."

"Boy, I'd like to see one of his books!"

March 7: The world came to an end yesterday.

March 8: In the cafeteria:

Master: "You there, what's your name?"

Jommy: "But sir, don't you know me? I'm your son."

Master: "Well, Yorson, three marks for cutting into line."

March 12: The school is falling apart! Today they had to hold the bells up.

March 13: The **Register** has the fastest typing staff in the world — they can erase 175 words a minute.

March 14: There's a new song out about a cock fight. It's called **Poultry in Motion**.

March 15: Overheard in Register room: "Ohhh . . . what a shame! We've misplaced the basketball scores."

March 16: One thing about Venus de Milo — when it comes to eating, you have to hand it to her.

March 19: Today Ye R.R.R. met an Indian who was trying to send a smoke signal. After he saw the nearby atomic bomb test he sighed, "I wish I had said that."

March 21: Monitor: "How do you catch a worm?"

Merrimac: "Go behind a tree and make noises like a bird isn't there."

March 22: Ye R.R.R. is writing his best-selling popular novel by assembling the fascinating epithets inscribed on our lavatory walls.

March 23: There's a new television show about Indians called "One Hopi Family."

March 26: The Summit is a meeting which adds prestige to the exchange of refusals.

March 27: Pupil to master after accidentally running him over:

"Excusez-moi, Monsieur."

"Where'd you dig that phrase up, Snebbish?"

"Oh, that's just a sorry with a French on top."

March 28: "Mommy, Mommy, I don't want to go to Europe."

"Shut up and get into the Care package."

March 29: Back to Chem Lab:

"In this method of producing carbon dioxide, you shouldn't use new marble. You should use chips off the old block."

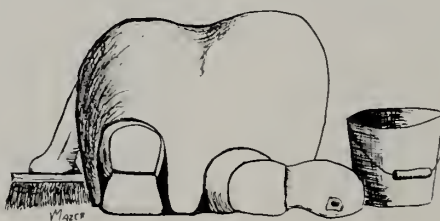
April 1: If April showers bring May flowers, what do May flowers bring?

April 2: Pilgrims.

April 3: Overheard in the assembly hall: "Keep your noses clean." How about our minds?

April 4: Plans are being made now to translate the next **Register** into Arabic, because it loses something in the original.

The End!





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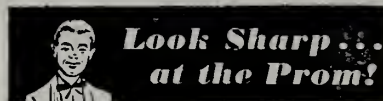
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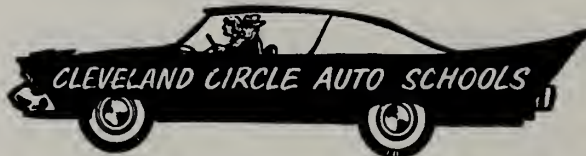
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